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FLASHBACK

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PUBLISHED BY

Washington County Historical Society

AUGUST, 1979

FLASHBACK

VOLUME 29 NUMBER 2 3

Flashback is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. All material being submitted for publication should be sent to the editor at 118 East Dickson, Fayetteville, AR 72701. No payment is made for the articles published in **Flashback.**

Membership in this Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Washington County history.

Dues are payable on a calendar basis, and are $6.00 annually. Single numbers of the **Flashback** (back or current issues) are $2.00 each.

Outside back cover illustration is an original sketch of a Washington County scene, the third of a series by Helen Finger Leflar that **Flashback** *will be priviledged to include in succeeding issues.*

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W. J. LEMKE ANNIVERSARY

by ERNIE DEANE

Half a century ago at this time, W.J. Lemke was completing his first year as a resident of Washington County and of Arkansas. Older members of our Society need no reminding of the exceptional work he did through the rest of his lifetime in local and state history, or that he was the founder of the present Washington County Historical Society.

Many of our younger members, and also those who have joined our organization in recent years, are unlikely to have much information concerning Prof. Lemke's work, and thus little reason to appreciate it. And, so, this short recollection of just a few of his notable contributions in the field of history is offered at this time for whatever value it might be to those who never knew "Uncle Walt."

He was brought to Fayetteville and to the University of Arkansas in 1928 from Chicago where he was or had been engaged in magazine work and in newspapering. His professional background included several years as a college teacher, and for a short period as basketball coach as well. He was a graduate of both Baldwin-Wallace College, at Berea, Ohio, and of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. He had also attended the Universities of Indiana and Wisconsin.

Pres. John C. Futrall of the University personally engaged Prof. Lemke to come and undertake a dual task, to expand the scope of the University News Service, and to teach journalism and establish the school's first department of journalism. These goals Mr. Lemke accomplished within a comparatively short time, but the range of this remarkable man's imagination and energies quickly extended far beyond the "Old Main" building. Eventually, his influence reached around the world through both the words he wrote and the teaching and inspiration he gave numerous students.

One of his major accomplishments during his first year with the University was to establish, with headquarters on the Fayetteville campus and at his own desk, the Arkansas High School Press Association. Its first meeting was held in Fayetteville in the spring of 1929. Its most recent meeting was held in Little Rock, with student and teacher journalishts from nearly 100 schools attending. Fittingly enough, special tribute was paid to Prof. Lemke as the founder. He can accurately be credited not only as founder of the association, but as the initiator of a statewide program of improvement in the quality and in the number of public school newspapers, magazines, and yearbooks, all future sources of historical data. Many of his former students have been, and some still are, faculty advisers to school publications.

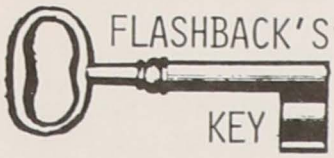
Interestingly enough, Prof. Lemke came to Arkansas with what he later said was virtually no knowledge of the history of this region. He was a first generation American, born in 1891 in Wausau, Wis., of German-born parents. A chance stroll through the federal cemetery at Fayetteville, and discovery of the graves of Civil War dead from Wisconsin and other northern states, aroused his considerable curiosity. Why were these soldiers from so far away buried in northwest Arkansas?

From that question in his mind came nearly 40 years of study, much of it from virtually untouched sources, and a tremendous amount of writing about the Civil War in this region. And from it, too, came his persistent efforts, in company with other equally dedicated history lovers, that led to establishment of the Pea Ridge National Military Park, and to state recognition for and operation of the battlefield park at Prairie Grove.

The "saving" of the Tebbetts property, and re-furnishing of historic Headquarters House for public visitation, brought him special joy. Such endeavors as the marking of historic sites in our county, recognition by our Society of individuals of special note in area history, observance of the centennial of the Butterfield Overland Mail, and the editing of *Flashback* all occupied his energies.

These bits from the Lemke past only touch on the work of this man, who died suddenly on Dec. 4, 1968, at his Fayetteville home on East Dickson Street, not far from Headquarters House. Until almost the last days of his life, he had continued working in local and state history, corresponding with former students and friends, and also with individuals he never met. He was ever mindful of what he considered every current generation's responsibility - to preserve what is good from the past so as to pass it on for the benefit of generations of the future. This theme became almost a religion with him.

He lies buried in historic Evergreen Cemetery in Fayetteville. His grave is next to that of his wife, Marie, whose assistance to him - including "cranking" of a mimeograph machine to produce the *Flashback* - never received the recognition some of us should have paid her. In the Special Collections of the University Library are his personal papers and photographs. These are gathered from a wide range of historical subjects and are available to researchers who one day will find them invaluable.



IS THE HELP OUR READERS GIVE!

FROM OUR FILES

The following article is a fine illustration of the written contribution W.J. Lemke has made to the history of Fayetteville and Washington County:

"The old brick House on West Center Street, occupied for some years by Moore's Funeral Home and now being re-modeled by A.D. Callison, will have its historic past commemorated by a bronze plaque. The plaque, already ordered, will be dedicated by the Washington County Historical Society.*

"The house was built in 1857 by Henry Reiff, but the ground on which it stands was deeded by the United States to the Commissioners of Washington County in 1835. The property has been owned by such prominent figures as Charles F. Town, who published Fayetteville's first newspaper in 1840; Jonas M. Tebbetts, financier and promoter of a century ago, whose home at 126 E. Dickson (the P.R. Green home) still stands; Jo Holcomb, mayor of Springdale; Judge David Walker, chairman of the Arkansas Secession Convention; and James W. and Theodore Jones.

"Henry Reiff, who built the handsome brick house, was a Confederate officer during the war, but his home was used as a commissary by Federal troops during the occupation of Fayetteville. While the building changes were underway a few weeks ago, workmen discovered, behind the mantel of the fireplace, a quartermaster's report for August 1863. It itemizes the horses, oats and hay purchased for use of the First Arkansas cavalry stationed in Fayetteville.

"Another interesting discovery during the Callison re-modeling was a cannonball buried in the yard. The story is that the house was struck during General Fagan's attack on Fayetteville in 1862 (Fagan's cannon were on Duncan street hill), and a patched place in the west chimney seems to bear this out. Mr. Callison has been told that the cannonball was kept as a souvenir by post-war owners of the place.

"I cannot prove that the Reiff house was hit by artillery fire but I am certain that the old Stone house across the street sustained a direct hit. the place is still visible in the west wall. And the late Miss Amanda Stone told me that she (about 6 years old at the time) was on the stair landing when the cannonball pierced the wall of ther parents' home. It is logical to assume that the Reiff house was hit during the same attack.

"Mr. Callison has had a suitable inscription prepared for the memorial plaque. When the bronze tablet arrives, our Society will help dedicate it — probably in late August." WJL

(Flashback, June-July, 1951)

**The plaque can be seen today on the front (south) wall of the building which is occupied by Moore's Chapel.*

Emidio, 1863-1936

Adele, 1877-1958

THE EMIDIO MORSANI FAMILY AND ASSOCIATES

This history of Emidio Morsani and associates was compiled by Agatha Morsani Smith, her sister, Anna Morsani Kitchel, her niece, Barbara Williams White, Zelinda Bastianalli (who came to America with the Morsani family in 1896), and Emily Papili Failla, also born in Italy.

The Morsani family came from Italy, where their documented history begins in the troubled days of national unification. In the year that witnessed the beginning of the Civil War in the United States, King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia-Piedmont gained control of Italy from the Alps to Rome. The famous Garibaldi and his red-shirted legions, fighting in the south of Italy, brought the area of Naples and Sicily under control. In 1861 Victor Emmanuel assumed the crown of a united Italy, which started that land on the way to political and social reforms and industrial expansion. This brought about high taxation, less freedom, economic depression, and prompted mass migration.

During this period, Domenic Morsani and Maria Bonauiti were married in Orvinio, Italy (near Rome). Three sons were born to this union: Adriano (born August 9, 1861), Emidio (born March 17, 1863), and Rinaldo (born in 1865). Rinaldo died in Italy. His date of death is not known.

Emidio Morsani, whose occupation was that of a carpenter, also served in the Italian Army from 1883 to 1887. He was enlisted in Orvinio, Company of Rieti Community of Urvinio, in the Military District of Rome. He was a member of the Catholic Church of Orvinio, and also served as a ticket agent in dispersing passages on railroads. He was married to Angela Francorsi in 1888 in Orvinio. To this union were born three children: Richard Domenic (Memo) on April 22, 1889, in Orvinio, Italy, Camillo on March 29, 1891, and Maria on October 29, 1893. Maria died in Italy on October 31, 1893. Emidio's wife, Angela, also died in Orvinio, Italy, on October 29, 1893 due to complications from childbirth.

When Emidio dispersed so many passages to people who were going to ships to go to America, he too decided that living conditions surely must be better in another country. The idea was fascinating as he wanted more for his family than he could acquire in his country, where living conditions had become a bare existence. He sold his property for passage for himself and two sons to America, and joined the one hundred families which were brought to America by Austin Corbin, a New York millionaire, who negotiated with Prince Ruspoli to deliver agrarian families for Sunnyside Plantation, incorporated in 1887 in Chico County, Arkansas. Austin Corbin was its president, and Prince Ruspoli the legal representative in Italy.

Emidio, being a widower with two sons, was living with his brother, Adriano. The brother's family consisted of his wife, Virginia, two sons, Elvidio and Rinaldo, and a daughter, Mary. (Four more children born in the U.S. were: Lavinia - July 29, 1901; Tullia - April 19, 1905; Enea - September 14, 1907; and Claude - March 5, 1903). The two families came to Sunnyside but were forced to leave due to health conditions. They came with Father Peter Bandini to the Ozark region in 1897 to what is now Tontitown, but was then called Smith's Chapel. The Emidio and Adriano Morsani families lived in a barn on the parcel of land which they had drawn to be paid for as they progressed. In addition to the two Morsani families, two other families lived in the barn: Paeulo Bastainelli, his wife Teresa, and daughters Rose, Zelinda, and Mary, who lived upstairs; and Patricio Papili, his wife Annunciata, daughters Adele and Emily, and son Anthony, who lived downstairs.

The group was made up of good laborers, and soon had home made furniture for beds. They stuffed mattress ticking with oak leaves, the floors were dirt. After the lands were cleared and crops were grown, the oak leaves were replaced with corn shucks. Each family then helped one another to build their own living quarters on their own parcel of land. Emidio and his two sons were fortunate to have part of a two-roomed log house on his property; and, being a carpenter by trade, he soon had a comfortable little house or shelter for the times they were living in. He hired out to various places, sometimes in Fayetteville, where he would spend weeks on a job. His two sons would stay with their Uncle Adriano and Aunt Virginia and attend school while their father was away.

Time passed and the fields were being cultivated. Five years they had lived there, and Emidio still felt as though he would like a wife to help maintain a family. His marriage for the second time was a marriage of convenience. He had known the Papili family and these families had come from near the same province in Italy, and had gone through hardships together. Adele Papili, then 25 years of age and still a very shy young lady, came home one weekend after working at Monte Ne, Arkansas. He asked her to become his wife, and they were married in Tontitown by Rev. Pietro Bandini in 1903.

The Papili Family

Adele, the daughter of Patricio and Maria (Sartini) Papili, was born in Chiaravalle, Italy, May 36, 1877. Adele's mother, whose birthdate and place of birth is not known, died in Italy in 1882. Adele was only five years old when her mother died. Four years later, her father married Annunciata Cheras. To this union four children were born: Emily Papili Failla (March 7, 1888), Anthony Papili (October 28, 1894 in Chiaravalle, Province of Ancona, Italy), a daughter, Rose, died in 1890, and a son (name unknown) died in 1892 in Italy.

The Papili family lived in the hill country near Chiaravalle. Their village is no longer listed, and it is believed that it was destroyed or fell into the Adriatic Sea. the town was eight or ten miles from Senigallia, also a province of Ancona. The Papili family had sheep; also goats and a cow. Adele spent many days in the hot sunshine helping her father herd the sheep. She was given a piece of bread and a container of water, and sometimes fell asleep in the meadow. The family sold goat's milk and made "ricotta" which is similar to cottage cheese. The "ricotta" was sold to the village people on the streets of Chiaravaile. When Adele was fifteen years old, her father felt that he could no longer support her as they were going through great hardships with heavy taxation, no freedom, and a large family to support. He took her to a convent in Senagallia where she remained until she was past the age of eighteen. When Adele's father decided to sell all his possessions to acquire the fare to come to America, he could not leave there without bringing Adele with the rest of his family. He went to the convent and found that she had decided to become a novice, but she changed her mind and came to America with the family. So, along with many other families, they left Italy aboard the Gulielemo German Loyd Ocean Liner on December 24, 1896, and arrived in New York on January 3, 1897. They were at sea for eleven days spending both Christmas and New Year's Day on board the boat. All were so excited, and had a wonderful time with some exceptions of sea sickness. Their minds were on coming to a country where they dreamed of living conditions which would be much easier and better than where they came from.

When they arrived in America, they were ferried from the boat by a

steamer to the Immigration Buildng on Ellis Island where they stayed for one day. They were treated beautifully. When they walked into the large dining area they saw tables loaded with platters of dark food which they presumed was meat until they were seated. They had a great laugh to discover that the platters were all filled with cooked prunes.

They were put on board a train which took them six miles from Sunnyside, Arkansas. The trip required three days. They were met by neighbors in Sunnyside who were very kind to them. Some of the townspeople, however, were skeptical of them as many who had come previously were of bad reputation. None of the Papili were associated with those who had come before them. They were all a choice respectable group of people and very dedicated to their work and Catholic religious belief.

The colonists who made up the Italian settlement at Sunnyside were furnished twenty acres of land, a house, farm implements, food and clothing. They were issued script with which they could make purchases at the company store. In return the colonists were to raise crops of sugar cane and cotton and repay the Corbin Company. They were given 21 years to pay off the mortgages.

They enjoyed their year's stay in Sunnyside though many were heart broken. Many of these people were accustomed to the hills and fresh air, and the humid climate and mosquitoes were a definite drawback to them. Conditions became so bad that many developed malaria and died. The drainage project which Austin Corbin began stood unfinished as he passed away before the year's end, and his son was not capable of taking on the project which his father began.

When Reverend Pietro Bandini, a priest born of noble birth in Forti, Italy, in 1853, heard of the families' plight, he immediately came to their aid. In Italy, Father Bandini had been a teacher and scholar, and at one time was made president of a college in Tuscany. His writing regarding the problems of Italian immigrants had brought him to New York where he organized the St. Raphael Society to aid Italian immigrants. He had helped many families on their way to Sunnyside, and now he would help them again. Of the one hundred families who had gone to Sunnyside, 125 members had died in one year. Whole families had become almost extinct, others left orphans to be cared for. Most of the people who died are buried in Lake Village Cemetery, Lake Village, Arkansas.

Remembering the Ozark region of Arkansas where he had been on an earlier trip through the West, and realizing that he must try to keep the people together, he counseled with the remaining families at Sunnyside at wait for him to find a better place for them to live. He went into the Ozarks, finally returning to Springdale, Arkansas, where he found land for sale, a 700 acre farm located to the west of the town. Forty of the families at Sunnyside chose to go to the new settlement; thirty-two remained in

Chicot county.

When arriving in the Ozarks, each family was awarded a parcel of land by drawing the number of that parcel from a hat. They later paid for it from what was produced on it. In order to make ends meet, and to help with the family expenses, Adele Papili, along with other young ladies, served as maids for wealthy families in the then resort towns of Monte Ne and Eureka Springs. Adele also did mending and sewing for the families where she was hired. She worked for such families as the Coin Harveys, the Starks, the Faulkners, the Lauderbacks and others. Adele's younger sister, Emily, would accompany her to work on some weekends. (Emily later became a teacher and taught in south Arkansas. She married Sam Failla of Pine Bluff.) They would walk to Springdale and board the train to Rogers and Monte Ne. There was no train in Tontitown until 1911, and it only lasted until 1918. Sometimes Adele would work for other families who were relatives of those in Monte Ne, and who lived in Eureka Springs. She would then have to go by train to Seligman, Missouri, and then back to Eureka Springs. Her pay was small, but she always brought it home to her father to help pay for their parcel of land, and to aid with the upkeep of the family. This was her routine until she married Emidio Morsani.

The Family of Emidio and Adele Morsani

To Emidio and Adele Morsani were born six children: Clementine, November 14, 1904; Amerigo, September 15, 1906; Anna, July 26, 1908; Candida, January 15, 1910; Elizabeth, July 26, 1913; Agatha, December 17, 1915.

When her first child, Clementine, was born, Adele also wet nursed the son of a former employer, "Little Richard Faulkner", who stayed with the Morsanis until he was eight months old. Richard never failed to remember his wet nurse mother. He always visited her. He became a concert pianist, and was instrumental in aiding Mr. J. Meyer in beginning the Pageant Play in the Black Hills of the Dakotas. He died in 1970 at the age of 65.

As previously indicated, Emidio at times boarded with families in nearby communities while doing his carpentry work, which was at the time plentiful. On one such occasion he stayed with Mrs. Joseph Keicher, a widow with four children, who lived on the out-skirts of Springdale. He would drive his wagon and team, and haul his tools and hay and feed enough to last the week. There he did the carpentry work on what was then known as the Perkins place. The house was later purchased by Mrs. Rebecca Fulbright, mother of Senator William Fulbright (later owner). This was a beautiful home, and was called "Rabbit's Foot Lodge" where out-of-state dignitaries would come, and special balls were held.

Emidio worked hard to support and educate his family. Since there was not a high school in Tontitown, as each child reached high school age they were boarded with the Sisters in various convents in the area, such as Mt. St. Mary's in Little Rock, St. Anne's at Fort Smith, and St.

Joseph's at Mena. Some were boarded in Fayetteville in respectable homes where they helped with house work and also went to high school.

Emidio had gained much respect from the people with whom he came in contact. On weekends Prof. J. F. Futrall from the University of Arkansas, and Dr. Albert Moore, Prof. Marinoni, and Prof. Passerelli would come to the home in Tontitown and go bird hunting with Emidio. On Sundays their families loved to drop by the house after church services. They would bring goodies, but loved to eat the home made cheese and salami, and home made bread which was baked by Adele. The bread was baked in an out-door oven made of bricks. A hot fire was built in the oven with wood. When the bricks became hot, the burned wood was raked from the oven. Adele would then place the loaves of bread in the oven with a ladle with a long handle. The door was closed, and the bread was baked from the heat stored in the bricks. The bread had a good thick crust and the visitors all loved Adele's bread.

Prof. Marinoni's daughter, and other girls who attended school in Tontitown, were regular weekend guests in the Morsani home. Young folks gathered there on many occasions. The floors were all scrubbed, the furniture all removed, corn meal was scattered. Boys in the neighborhood, such as Fred Ceola, Dick Fiori, the Variola Boys, and the Pianalto boys would play their fiddles, guitars, and accordians, and all would dance. But Emidio never allowed drinking among the young folks. They were sent home at 11:30, so they would be up early for church on Sunday morning. Though he was strict with his family, he enjoyed seeing them enjoy themselves. He would sit with the family in the evening playing various games of cards, lotto, and dominos, and would always enjoy having friends in to visit. But when the day was over, night did not pass without kneeling and having prayer together, and thanking God for how He had blessed the family.

In 1912, Emidio had to have one of his index fingers amputated due to infection and blood poisoning from a splinter. The surgery took place in his own living room. The only light available was a kerosene lamp. Dr. Frank Young performed the operation assisted by Dr. D.C. Summers of Elm Springs (the family doctor). Mary Maestri, who was then working as a nurse, also helped in the operation. Dr. Summers took care of all the families in Tontitown for the fee of one dollar a year. He was the only doctor to be found in the area in those days.

As the years passed, the children began to go their own ways. Richard (Memo) Morsani, a concert singer, married Rose Bastainalli on December 30, 1926. "Miss Rose" was a school teacher, and taught at Hyner, Arkansas from 1911 until she returned to Tontitown. She was Postmistress of Tontitown from 1918 until her retirement in 1952. They had no children.

Camillo Morsani was a carpenter by trade, but also farmed, raising mostly grapes and apples. Sometimes he trucked his fruit to market in Oklahoma. He married Rose Aimerito of Dow, Oklahoma on June 8th,

1922. They had one son, John Titus, or "Tito" who retired from the postal service in 1976 after 30 years service. He was born on March 25th, 1926, and died September 1976. Memo and Camillo both served in the U.S. Army during World War I.

Amerigo Morsani was a welder by trade. He married Helen Crane in 1926. She was a housewife and part-time teacher. They later retired on their farm in Tolala, Oklahoma. The couple had four children: Patricia, born August 26th, 1927 in Brighton, Michigan; Paul, born November 13th, 1934 in Brighton, Michigan; Frank, born May 23rd, 1931 in Brighton, Michigan; and Timothy, born July 25th, 1944 in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Anna was a housewife and married a painter, Charles J. Kitchel on February 2nd, 1929 in Fayetteville, Arkansas. They had three daughters: Anna Marie, born November 26, 1929; Lillian Adele, born August 2nd, 1931; and Margaret Alene, born August 16th, 1934. All three girls were born in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Elizabeth married Earl Williams in July, 1932. They owned and together operated a grocery store west of Fayetteville, Arkansas. They had five children: Barbara, born March 20th, 1933; Hazel, born June 14, 1934; Jean, born September 28th, 1939; Nell, born January 12th, 1941; and Earl Wayne, born June 4th, 1954. All children were born in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Candida was also a housewife, and married a farmer, Frank Crane, on December 25th, 1939.

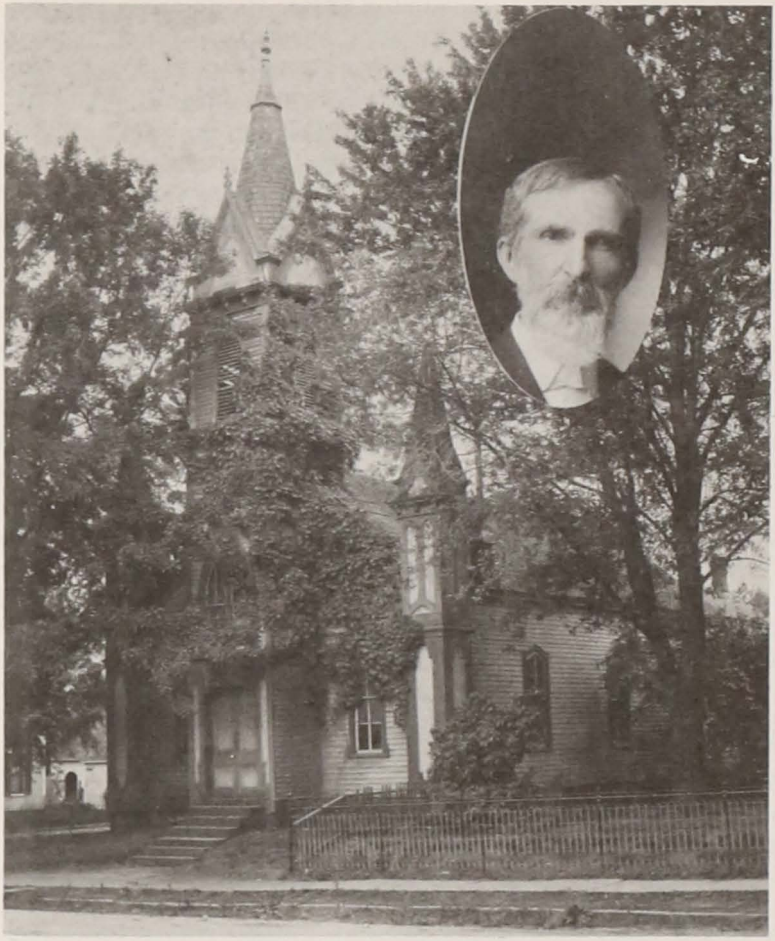
Clementine married Louis Haney, a machinist and part-time farmer, on February 5th, 1940. They lived with her mother, Adele.

Agatha was a housewife and did practical nursing. She married a trucker and farmer, Earl Smith, on October 4th, 1933. They had three children: Earline, born October 16, 1935 in Yakima, Washington; George, born January 20th, 1941 in Springdale, Arkansas; and Ondella, born January 6th, 1946 in Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

Emedio and Adele both led long, full lives. Emidio passed away in February, 1936, Adele in January, 1958. They are buried in the Tontitown Cemetery.

Do you have a good story about Washington County's early history?

Submit it to FLASHBACK.



The First Presbyterian Church ("Southern" branch) about 1877, located on the corner of College and E. Spring, Fayetteville. Inset: Rev. S.W. Davies.

A HISTORY OF PRESBYTERIANS IN FAYETTEVILLE

By
Martha Rice Brewer

Even though the echo of the last shot of the Civil War has long since faded into these hills, one of the divisive effects of that struggle is still being negotiated within America's Presbyterian churches. Our own First United Presbyterian Church is years ahead of its parent church body, because Fayetteville's congregation is a union of the two largest Presbyterian denominations in this country. These two denominations are

the Presbyterian Church in the United States (traditionally referred to as the Southern Church) and the United Presbyterian Church in the United States of America (traditionally the Northern Church). Committee work for national union between these two branches goes on in 1979.

The Fayetteville union took place in 1956 when the Fayetteville Central Presbyterian Church and the Fayetteville First Presbyterian Church became one congregation. It has been a most successful merger. Persons coming into the group today have a hard time realizing that the present congregation encompasses two unique and individual groups.

The history of Presbyterianism in Fayetteville goes back to the beginning of our town, 1830, only three years after the first white settlers moved into this part of the territory. The communities of Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, Mt. Comfort and Walnut Grove had already been established, and they had organized Cumberland Presbyterian groups. The Rev. Andres Buchanan presided at Fayetteville's organizational meeting in a blacksmith shop. The following persons were among those who signed the Charter covenant: Mr. and Mrs. William T. Larremore and family, Mrs. and Mrs. George McGarrah and John, James and William, and Mrs. and Mrs. James Coulter and Miriam.

This earliest church in Fayetteville was formed from Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock. These fontiersmen identified with the movement which led to the formation of the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination. This branch of the church was very active in sending ministers to "ride and preach" in circuits that covered wide territory on the frontier. In 1830, Fayetteville was precisely that — the frontier!

After the Methodist's erected a building in Fayetteville, the Fayetteville congregation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church (as it was officially known in the records) worshipped in the Methodist building. Later they met in the Old Masonic Hall on South Block Street. Sometime during the 1840's the Cumberland Presbyterians built a house of worship at 229 North Block, across the street from the present offices of Dr. Garland Melton. This edifice was burned during the War Between the States. Also at this time, enlistments and general demoralization caused by the war left the church without pastors, officers, male members, or means of support. However, by 1867 the church was able to resume formal operations. The building was rebuilt and dedicated on October 1, 1876.

Only four ministers served this congregation during the years before the Civil War. For a time after the war the ministers did not stay long. At one point, a university student was employed as pastor. He was E.E. Morris, who later went on to seminary and became an ordained minister. He described the building on North Block as "a little frame building with a very small bell in a belfry that looked more like a chicken coop than anything else."

The Rev. J.T. Molley came as pastor in 1877 and stayed until 1884. He came as a bachelor but soon was married to a member of the fold, Miss

Minnie Halleman. During the years of his leadership the church began to prosper and grow. Improvements were made on the building. New pews and a furnace were purchased. By the turn of the century the congregation had out-grown the little frame building. In 1906, they constructed a new ediface on the corner of Dickson and St. Charles Streets where the U.S. Post Office stands today. This was the same year in which the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and the "Northern" branch of the Presbyterian denomination combined. From this date, 1906, the Fayetteville Congregation became known as the Central Presbyterian Church and belonged to the Northern branch of the National Church.

Three years later, Dr. Marvin L. Gillespie came to serve as pastor. He stayed for sixteen years. During his tenure the congregation grew steadily in numbers. He left Fayetteville in 1925 following an unsuccessful attempt to unite the Central Presbyterian Church with the First Presbyterian Church. It was to be thirty-two more years before this union actually occurred.

The First Presbyterian Church had first been organized in 1851. However, it suffered disbandment during the Civil War and was reorganized in 1873. The records we now have of the Church all date from the reorganization. The Church when it was reorganized belonged to the "Southern" branch. There were sixteen charter members:

Mr. John Barnett	Elizabeth H. Lea	Mr. H.M. Lyan
Mrs. S.H. Barnett	Emma Lea	Mrs. Mary T. Smith
Mrs. Catherine Blake	Laura J. Lea	Mrs. Fannie Springer
Mrs. B.F. Cherrey	M. Lizzie Lea	Mr. Denton Stark
Mrs. E.M. Cox	Mr. Prior N. Lea	Mrs. Martha Stark
Mrs. M.A. Harris		

The Rev. S.W. Davies came in 1874 and served this church for twenty-nine years. Their first house of worship was dedicated in 1877 at a cost of $1,750. It was located on the corner of E. Spring and College where the B.A. Shamblin Realty and office complex is now located.* From 1873 to 1877 they had been meeting in the old court house in the center of the square.

A new building was erected in 1904 on the same site. At that time the original was moved to South College and became known as White Chapel.

A few years before the new construction, the minister's wife, Mrs. Davies, had gone to the Southern part of town to take some food to a sick friend. Mrs. Davies stayed, visited and read to her from the Bible. She promised to return the following Sunday. When she did return she found the friend's room full of neighbors who had been invited to come and hear the readings. Mrs. Davies' Sunday afternoon visits became regular and soon assumed the character of a mission Sunday School. As helpers, Mrs. Davies had her daughters and her class of boys whom she taught at First Presbyterian. In 1902, when Rev. Davies resigned his official duties as

minister, he spent much time serving the needs of those who worshiped at White Chapel. White Chapel never became an organized church. Services were usually held at 3:30 on Sunday afternoon and again at 7:00 that evening. These services continued until 1939. Many of those who worshiped there later became members of various congregations in town. The building was sold to Central Baptist in 1939 by First Presbyterian for $450. In 1941, Central Baptist sold it to Central Assembly of God.

The First Presbyterian Church was smaller in number than its sister congregation at Central Presbyterian. The former was usually referred to as the "town" church and the latter as the "gown" church. After many years of soul searching thought and heartfelt prayer, the two congregations agreed to unite in 1956. For two years they operated as a federated church of the Presbyterian Church, U.S. and U.S.A. (It belonged to both branches.) In 1958, the congregation joined the northern group and became the First Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.[2]

During the years of federation and for the three years following, worship services were held at the corner of Dickson and St. Charles in the old Central building.

The move to Presbyterian Hill just above Old Wire Road took place in 1961. There the Presbyterians built a fellowship hall, offices, and an education building. Nine years later, this new - and yet so old - congregation dedicated their present sanctuary. Today from every road and highway leading into town the magnificent cross atop this structure is seen. It stands as a symbol of the Scotch-Irish faith and heritage alive today in northwest Arkansas.

FOOTNOTES

[1] One small segment of the Cumberland Church remained separate and did not merge with the northern branch. This segment is the Cumberland Church we know today. There is a congregation of this denomination in Fayetteville now. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church did not split during the war despite the fact that it was stronger in the south than in the north.

[2] That same year, 1958, the Presbyterian Church U.S.A., had merged with the United Presbyterian Church. The local congregation then became the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. The Presbyterian Church, U.S., (Southern) is now negotiating to join this large denomination.

* *Editor's note: Part of the wall of the 1904 building has been incorporated into the structure of the present Pyeatt Building and Dr. John W. Vinzant's office which directly occupies the site of the old churches. Other offices in the building are: Dr. Robert Clack; Renner and Co., Insurance; Hartman Hotz, attorney; Ronald Berry, accountant, and B. A. Shamblin Realty.*

WILLIAM QUESENBURY'S DIARY

Edited by Pat Donat

(continued from last issue)

June 16 (Sunday)

The company determined this morning to travel. This is the first time we have broken the Sabbath by traveling. The grass is bad and we are inconveniently situated. A good many places offered today at which we might have stopped but the Company went on. Passed McNair's Company. Nooned on a slope. The ox teams ahead about half a mile — the McNair's about a quarter below.

In two hours the ox train and Oliver came up and passed on following McNair's company that left a short time before. Our company and the other ox train remained for the night.

Rogers and McQuorter joined us whilst here, but soon after went on to get their mules shod at the foremost train. Mr. May left also for the McNair company. He joined Jno. Brown's mess.

At six o'clock an election for sergeant was held in place of Buckner, who resigned the morning we left the company for Greenhorn.

From the time we struck the Arkansas River where the Santa Fe road crosses it, the timber has been cottonwood and willow. The grass has been sufficient for our different trains, but not such as we find in the prairie at home. Some of it was green, along the river, but on the highlands it was short, fine and dried up. In the buffalo range and in the dog town country it was much poorer than elsewhere. This kind of country extends from the Turkey Creek to the Santa Fe crossing of the Arkansas.

On the Fountaine Qui Bruit, I noticed the first Bitter Cottonwoods. These are found on this stream all the way up from its mouth. The common cottonwood also prevails. Rushes grow from Verdigris river to the head of the Fontaine Qui Bruit. Prickly pears, some current bushes and cherry are found. Wild sage abounds from thirty miles below Ft. Bent to this place. Prairie roses I first saw near Verdigris. They are plenteous yet.

I myself was elected sergeant in Buchner's place. Placed the guard at night. In the latter part of the night and early in the morning the wind blows cool from the North. About 9 or 10 it changes and comes from the South.

June 17 (Monday)

The ox train got off before us. However, we passed all trains during the day. At night agreed with Perry to divide provisions. Riley, Buchanan conclude to go with me. Placed the guard, the second, one last night of my sergeantship. Buckner, Riley and myself will make a start tomorrow morning for California.

June 18 (Tuesday)

Buchner, Riley and myself got ready and started. After going three miles I got down and shot at an antelope. Lost my bag of shot which I had to go back for a mile and a half. Merrill overtook me and wanted to go with us. Didn't accede. Saw great numbers of antelopes. Buckner shot at one very close. Missed. I shot with buckshot. Missed. Nooned at Cherry Creek as Evans called it, and according to his count, we have made twenty-one miles today to this place.

Whilst nooning found that I had left my tobacco and tin tube with the company behind. As we were packing up they came and we travelled with them till they camped when I got my tobacco and tube.

Buckner, Riley and myself made about five miles and stopped and cooked. Showered a few minutes. Went on after dark three or four miles. Crossed the creek and laid down in a thicket with grass around, half-leg high.

June 19 (Wednesday)

Slept much later this morning than we intended. When we got off the sun was two hours high. Buckner wounded an antelope. Saw a pheasant just after we left camp. Nooned among some cottonwoods on the right of the road. Hot day.

Stopped for a moment at a spring on the right hand of the road. Water good. Further on three or four miles, water was found in ponds to the left, along a branch. Camped near a beautiful hill, bare and partly covered with pine. Buckner and myself went to the top. Sketched Pike's Peak again from it.

Near our nooning place the ox train under Edmondson turned off down the creek. The road went over the divide. We followed the new trail. Saw some deer near the timber on the left which Buckner tried to get a shot at, but they were very wild. We soon afterwards found one of the ox train camps and saw they had stayed there a day or so. Followed the trail and came to the Platte about half a mile off.

Saw a raft or some water craft on the other side. Harris had passed on the 16th at 9 o'clock. Buckner rode Arab into the river to try it; found it swimming in a few yards. He went over. I then tied the hatchet to his mule pack, after Riley and myself had unpacked the animals; the hatchet was needed to break apart some cross pieces that bound a canoe between two logs, the water craft we saw on the other side. I then put it on Pony, whilst Riley drove the other animals. All got across safely. Made three trips with the canoe before we got all our packs over. Found some seaweed on the bar which will make good girth.

Started and got about three quarters of a mile. Looked back and saw the pack company. They shouted to us — little dreaming of the trouble they would have in a short time. In about six miles we came to another stream that caused us a great deal of trouble. We were already wet from a

hail and rain that had fallen on us after crossing the Platte.

Buckner tried the stream and thought it fordable but was not half crossed. We could not, on account of the deep and swift current, get out where the ox train did. Buckner found a shallower place just above, over which he took our packs on Arab by making two trips. We then went over with the animals excepting two which turned back. Buckner and myself went back and brought them over. It is wet and cold at our camp tonight. We built a fire and risked the Indians — our horses grazing just in the outer edge of the thicket we are in.

NOTE: They were only one day ahead of McNair's train who reached here June 20. Brown wrote "Took a left hand trail down the Creek which was made by Capt. Edmonson about two weeks ago. About 10 o'clock came to the south fork of the Platte River. Made a raft and commenced crossing the wagons. Finished crossing at 2 o'clock." This is given as the site of Denver, Colorado.

June 20 (Thursday)

Sun two hours high when we started. Followed the same trail as yesterday over a very rolling country. Antelopes continue very abundant. The road is very winding, for a long time going N.W. and then turning E. and S. for two or three miles.

Nooned in a sluggish branch. Made coffee as the water was not fit to drink. Buckner cooked a curlew which I killed on the way. It hailed tremendous hard and large — staked our animals to prevent them stampeding in the hail. I killed a pheasant near a stream which we crossed a few miles from the branch we nooned on, and after coming about a mile further Buchner shot a deer down. Took the hams.

Stopped and cooked in a little hollow to the right of the road. There was water but it was unfit to drink. As soon as dark came on we struck N.E. for some timber we observed before night. Found grass there nearly waist high.

June 21 (Friday)

The longest day in 1850. Got breakfast. Buckner's mule took a small fly around at an antelope before we started. Went up the creek hunting a ford. With difficulty found one. Passed two or three fine streams and nooned to left near a bare rock thrown up in triangular form, to the left of the trail.

Late in the evening Buckner discovered a grizzly bear down in the valley just below us. He was feeding. Buckner shot at him, but he only reared on his hind legs, looked around and went to feeing again. Buckner then mounted Arab, gave chase and shot at him again as he ran over a ridge.

Crossed when we got off our horses for the bear. Water in the gourds gave out. We have but two. Rode on after night and found timber which

Continued on page 30

OLD CIRCUIT COURT

by LLOYD MC CONNELL

The spring term of the Circuit Court opened on April 4th, 1889 with Judge J.M. Pittman sitting on the bench. He was assisted by Sheriff I.G. Combs, who had summoned to serve as Grand Jurors the following citizens:

B.F. Ramey, John S. White, T.A. Towler, J.G. Tunstill, G.P. Roberts, J.H. Wasson, T.J. Dunagan, J.C. Kirby, Z.C. Winn, J.A. Jonesk, A. Jackson, George S. Albright, A.B. Kell, W.C. Kuykendall, E.G. Suttle, J.E. Trahin, T.J. Kelley, and J.W. Rutherford. The court excused Mr. Winn and Mr. Jones. Mr. Wasson was appointed foreman.

The petit jury included William Foster, J.C. Arnett, A.J. Ritter, F.M. Boyd, J.C. Frost, George Buckley, Herbert Holcomb, W.J. Hogg, W.M. Simpson, Elijah Webb, S.H. Peden, Henry Funkhouser, J.C. Fletcher, Frank Henry, B.J. Wade, P.R. Davis, John W. Robinson, M.W. McGaugh, Newt Tillman, John Fincher, H.J. Jackson, H.A. Davis, and George P. Moore.

Some smaller cases had been compromised or settled before the opening of court and were marked off the docket. On civil cases the attorneys filed many demurrers or motions, thus obtaining a short delay in going to trial while the Court dwelled on their pleadings. Many cases were set for the next term of court.

The state held High Chapman, charged with selling liquor without a license (a technical violaton commonly known as boot-legging). Mr. Chapman filed a pleading which stated that the citizens of Washington County were so prejudiced against him he coud not obtain a fair and impartial trial, and requested that his case be transferred to Benton County, which was done.

Charges against Stonewall Holcomb, a resident of rural West Fork, were abated since Mr. Holcomb was no longer among the living. Hugh Howell had been locked up in jail for some time but the Grand Jury failed to indict him, and he was released.

Judge Pittman had some interest in a number of cases and he vacated the bench, whereupon the clerk called an election by the attorneys present. O.W. Watkins was elected as Special Judge.

J.H. Centers filed suit against Tim Ward, but having taken into his possession some property belonging to Ward, without first filing the necessary replevin bond, the Judge ordered the property returned to the defendant. The jury then found that Mr. Ward owed Mr. Centers for a door and window, and directed him to return the items or pay the plaintiff six dollars and seventy five cents, in addition to the court costs. (The greater cost in cases like these were borne by the county in jurors' fees.)

In another case the jury returned a verdict that the plaintiff was entitled to recover a HOURSE (sic), or be paid the sum of $75 therefore. It was a good horse.

Juda E. Bibb sued A.B. Beatty and obtained judgment for $60.00. John Lee was admitted as a citizen of the United States, having fulfilled all requirements. E.C. Rhea, as administrator of the estate of W.H. Rhea, recieved judgment for $5,642.23 against Samuel V. Rhea.

The court held six days a week, and Saturday morning was full of courtwork. Peter Dent had his S. & B. case nol-prossed. Charles Jaynes paid $5.00 for disturbing religious worship. Lish Dunlap's case on assault charges was continued to next term. Eph Foster was charged with wearing weapons. John Winn and Joe Fallin were charged with selling liquor without a license. Joe Liles, whose name occurred on many court dockets for selling liquor without a license, this time filed a request to have his case transferred to Benton County. Guess he was tired of the actions of the local petit jurors.

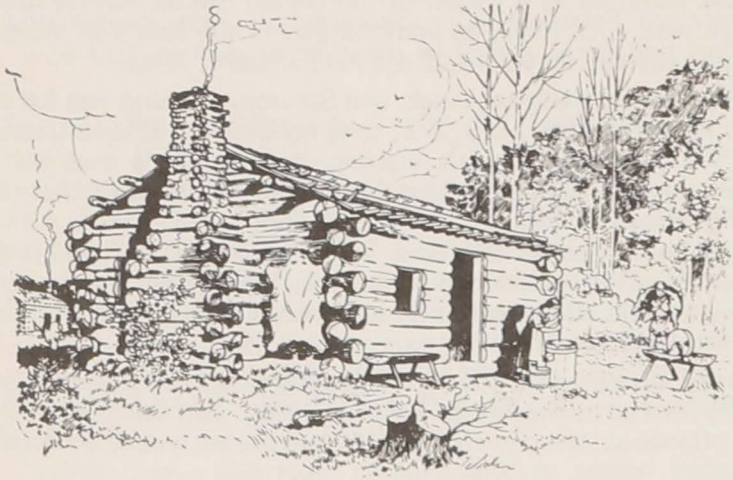
Charles Newport paid $50.00 for wearing weapons, while William Barnes was favored by the jury on a similar charge. Lon Andrews paid $20.00 for an offense at "the church," and William Barnes was discharged by the court.

The Clerk of the Court failed to endorse on the court record the charges against many defendants - a mere oversight but we cannot determine whether they were misdemeanors or felonies. Henry Hogue was assessed $50.00 by a jury for an assault and battery. D.M. Morgan was charged with bribery, but paid a $5.00 fine for assault and battery. Lem Lucas was fined $250 for selling liquor without a license. Newt Scott was discharged by the jury on similar charges.

J.M. Russell was guilty of simple assault and fined $5.00. James A. Sharp paid $25.00 at the direction of the jury. He was in a fight. William Phelan paid $10.00 on an unspecified charge. Daniel Hawkins was charged with intent to kill, and fined $50.00 on an assault charge. He had to serve one minute in the county jail.

Hugh F. Reagan, Joe Holcomb, and L.H. Mayes were appointed jury commissioners.

In June a special court was called because Samuel Baldwin was being held in jail on burglary and grand larceny charges and there would be no court until late in the fall. A grand jury was called to indict him, and a petit jury to try the case. Mr. Baldwin pled guilty to the charge and the juries were dismissed. They included Maurice Coffey, J.E. Crouch, G.R. Broyles, Lewis Seitzler, J.B. Shannon, Thomas Brooks, H.L. Glass, W.A. Jones, H.F. Bird, L.B. Lantrip, G.W. Hayes, T.P. Harrison, J.A. Benbrook, J.F. Mayes, A.L. Williams, and W.R. Phillips.



HISTORICAL ARCHEOLOGY IN ARKANSAS

The French, Spanish, and Americans who settled in Arkansas beginning in the 1700's were literate in that they left us official and personal writings about their activities. And yet, this evidence is incomplete. Too often the documents tell only of political leaders and legislative and judicial activities. While these affairs were important, the ordinary and fascinating details of how people lived frequently remain unknown. What was life really like on the frontier, in the early towns, on antebellum farms and plantations?

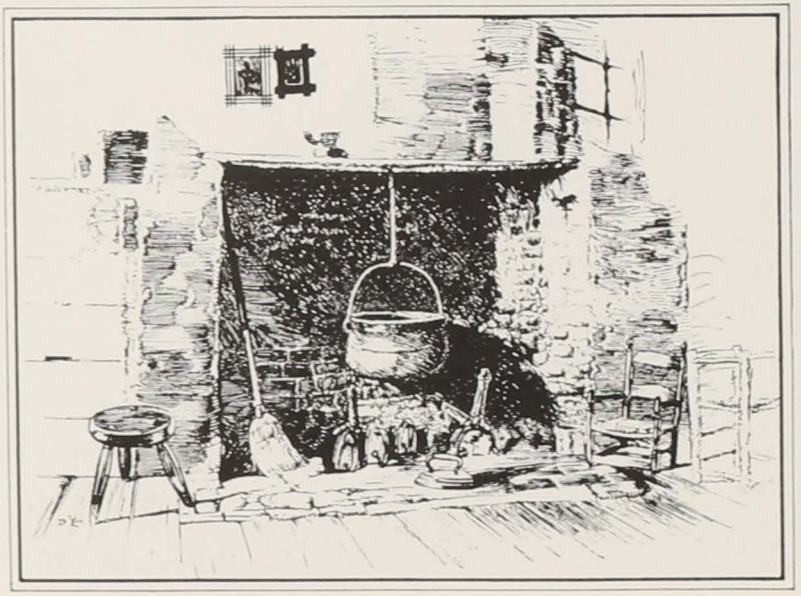
If one goes directly to the sites of towns and farmsteads, trading posts and Civil War camps, and any place else people have been, he will find physical evidence of ordinary life. This evidence is in the form of ruins, bricks, nails, mortar, shattered window glass, fragmented plates, busted cups, discarded tools, lost buttons, broken bottles, chicken bones, pork bones, cow rib bones, and all the other broken, bent, discarded, lost, and abandoned things that people had made, used, and then thrown away. The people of the past have thus left us tangible and eloquent evidence of their lives, and it is literally under our feet.

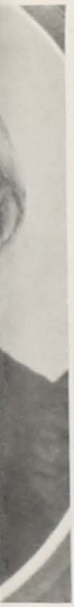
Historical archeology is the study of these people in the past by looking at both artifacts and documents, using written materials and the living

memories of people together with techniques of careful archeological excavation and analysis. In Historical archeology, therefore, **WE** are the subject, who we are, where and how our ancestors settled this state and nation, and the effects of our coming on the Indians.

The possibilities for Historical Archeology in Arkansas are enormous, including such things as finding and understanding the sites of French trading posts, and looking at pioneer farmsteads of the early 1800's. Historical archeology can assist in restoration projects at historic buildings of all periods, providing exact data on changes in house plan, when additions are put on to make the building more useful, and what outbuildings existed to give the primary building the context of life and activity. Historical archeology has a special role in understanding the lives of minorities who often barely appear in documents: minorities such as Reservation Cherokee (in the state in the 1820's and 1830's), blacks in slavery and freedom, the panoply of ethnic groups who came to Arkansas after the Civil War, and even the role of women, whose domestic activity provides most of the artifacts the archeologist finds.

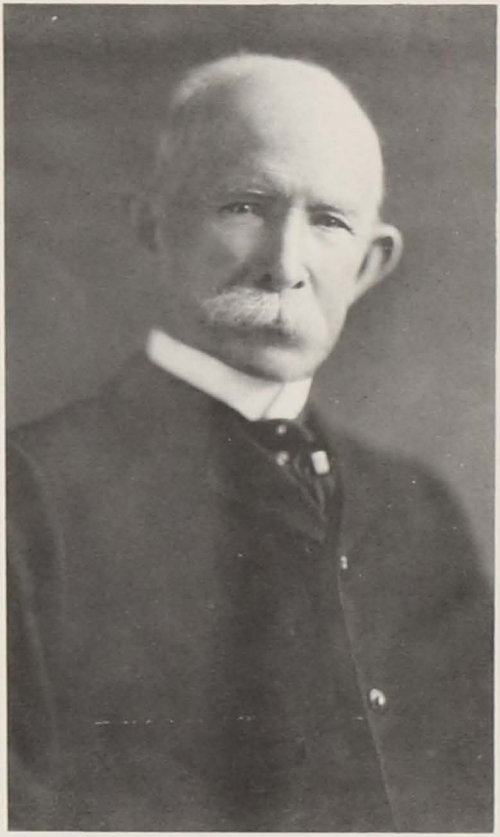
If you know of a site where people lived, worked, played, or fought in the past, please get in touch with either the Arkansas Archeological Survey (U. of A. Museum, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701), the Arkansas Historic Preservation Program, or the Washington County Historical Society. These sites are important. Each site is an unopened time capsule, and each should be handled carefully if we are to bring to life the people in the historical past of Arkansas.

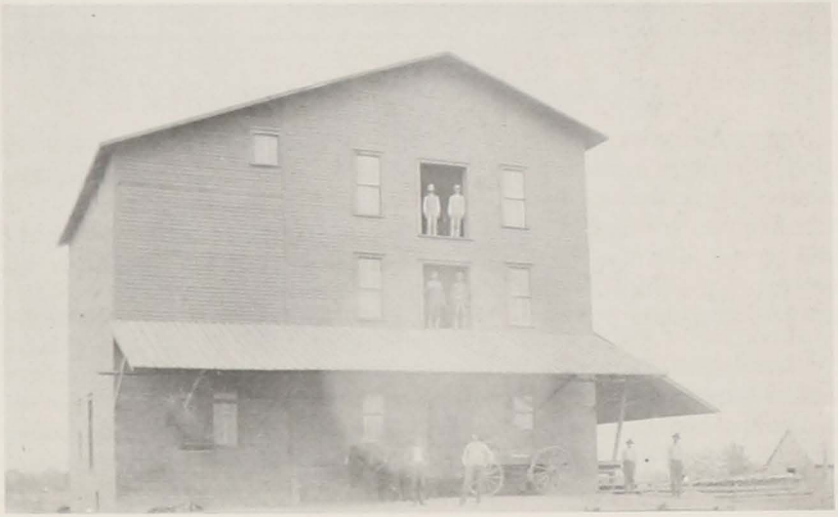




Unidentified photographs from the **Dolly Sitton Bentley Photographic Collection**

If you recognize any of these people or places, contact the *Flashback* with details.





LIBRARY NEWS & NOTES

The WCHS library has received as a gift *The Starr and Allied Families,* a genealogical history that will have interest for many Washington County residents. The book was compiled by Barbara E. and Earl D. Starr who now reside in California.

Last year's book sale at the Ice Cream Social yielded proceeds that have gone into the purchase of new material for the society library. The latest acquisition from this fund is *The History of the Cherokee Indians and Their Legends and Folk Lore* by Emmet Starr. Published under the Seal of the Cherokee Nation by Warden Publishing Co. of Oklahoma City in April of this year, the 680 page book includes a topical index, a genealogical index, an index of photographs and illustrations, and an alphabetical list of Indian names translated to English.

Almost every week the Society receives information on publications that would aid the genealogical researcher or the person interested in local histories. We do not have room in *Flashback* to describe all the material, but members are invited to stop by the Society office and look at the various folders and leaflets. You might find just the tool or booklet you have been wanting.

TO KEEP YOU INFORMED

Again this year, your Society plans to publish a roster of its membership, including addresses. If you object to having your address included, please let us know. Also, we will be glad to include the names of the families you are researching if you tell us the names. The membership list will go out with the November *Flashback* on or about November 15, and will go to the printers on October 1, so please get your information to us prior to that date.

Washington County Historical Society has received a bequest from the will of Mertye McIlroy Bagby that will go far in helping fund our various projects and activities. Such money given in memoriam to the Society or the Society's Historic Preservation Trust is deeply appreciated and humbly encouraged.

RESEARCH PROJECT UNDERWAY AT PRAIRIE GROVE

"The Effect of the Civil War on Ozark Culture" is the title of the research grant project being done at Prairie Grove Battlefield State Park. During the rest of the summer, park personnel will be researching all aspects of Ozark lifestyle during this traumatic period. The effort will also include copies of old photographs and gathering accounts of the descendants of those who lived through the Civil War in this area — including all of Benton, Crawford and Washington Counties. Copies of old letters, receipts or bills, diaries, newspaper clippings, and etc. will be most useful in this project. If you know anything that can help out, please write:

Joe Cavanaugh, Historian
Prairie Grove Battlefield State Park
P.O. Box 306, Prairie Grove, AR 72753

or call (501) 846-2990.

This project is sponsored by the Arkansas Endowment for the Humanities.

NEW CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE FORMED

The enthusiasm engender by all these things has helped in the formation of a Civil War Round Table of Northwest Arkansas. This new group will meet monthly on the fourth Thursday at 7 o'clock p.m., and anyone interested in Civil War history is invited to join. The organization is meeting through summer at the Fayetteville Public Library. For more information contact Jerome Harman, President, 911 South 19th Street, Rogers, AR 72756, phone: 636-9361.

"AUNT" LILAH BLOYED...

By
Robert G. Winn

"Aunt" Lilah Bloyed was born Delilah Loftin near the present town of West Fork in southern Washington County in 1845, the daughter of Rachel and John Stephen Loftin. On March 7, 1859 at the early age of fourteen, she was married to William Bloyed. Two years later when she was only sixteen, the first of her six children, Milton, was born. She died February 27, 1932, and is buried in the Union Star Cemetery southwest of West Fork (until recently called the Winn Cemetery).

One of the first examples of her daring spirit of courage and cunning occurred when she was a slip of a girl working on her father's farm. Every member of any pioneer family had to labor wherever needed to help bring food to the family table. Lilah had been hoeing corn in the field all day and stopped at the free flowing spring for a drink of cold water and a refreshing pause before reaching home for the night. As she sat quietly beside the spring after having drunk of the sparkling water, she saw a deer approaching for its evening drink. The animal did not see the girl sitting so still beside the spring branch. As the deer lowered its head to drink, Lilah stealthily raised the hoe she held and with one swift blow struck the deer at the base of its skull. The move was not made with any sense of cruelty or viciousness. Killing the deer meant fresh meat for the table to feed a houseful of hungry children. It was a part of pioneer survival and an evidence of the sturdy spirit that enabled the early settlers to survive in this developing land.

Delilah Loftin and William Bloyed had been married two years when the War Between the States erupted. Her husband, like almost all other ablebodied young men of the mountains, marched off to war, leaving the management of the household affairs to their womenfolk. Delilah was

already a woman mature beyond her chronological years. The vicissitudes of those Civil War years steeled her to cope with the hardships that lay before her. Like the other women around her, she managed to hold together the family ties. One of her most daring exploits took place during the Battle of Pea Ridge. Word traveled slowly and details of the important battle were far from complete when a messenger brought news that Lilah's husband Bill, and other men from the West Fork area, had been captured by the Confederate forces and would be courtmartialed in a few days.

In spite of the fact that the rivers were flooded out of their banks by recent rains, making the hazardous trip from West Fork to Pea Ridge — more than forty miles to the north — even greater risk, she prepared a basket of food for the captured men; and mounting her faithful gray mare she began the trip to the camp where her husband was held captive. At the flooded river she urged her horse into the swollen stream, swam across and continued north. Darkness had fallen when she reached the camp; this was the way she had planned it. How she managed either to bribe or persuade the guards to let her through, or whether she managed to get through without their knowledge was never made clear, but get through she did, to deliver the food to her husband and the other prisoners. Then by some magical maneuver she assisted them to escape from the loosely guarded compound. The court martial never took place.

Oftentimes during those war years she was faced with almost insurmountable obstacles. Bushwackers and Confederate soldiers, as well as Union men, made frequent forays into the countryside. Anything the homefolk had to eat must be raised and secreted before those foragers found it. Union soldiers took her strong gray mare, but did leave an older horse in its place. When the horses of a neighbor were taken, that woman lamented that she would not be able to raise a crop. Lilah, undaunted, helped her break two yearling calves, made a yoke for them and helped plow the fields and raise food.

Although physically unable to cope with the marauders, she often outwitted them by her quick thinking and shrewd strategy. She saved her father's live by standing in front of him when he was faced by a renegade bushwhacker demanding the man's money. There was no money, but the invader would not believe this and drew his pistol. Lilah leaped in front of her father and declared that he would have to shoot her first. The man rode away without harming either Lilah or the old man.

Once, when her husband, home for a short time from the army, was on his way to the house from the cave where he had been working in his cobbler's shop, bushwhackers appeared. His wife knew that if the intruders saw him that he would be killed. She ran from the house waving her apron and crying, "They went that-a-way. Hurry and you can catch them," pointing in a direction away from her husband. The bushwhackers, not knowing whom they were supposed to be pursuing, but thinking that the

woman was friendly to them, spurred their horses and sped past the clump of bushes where her husband was hiding.

Another time she was alone with her small boys when bushwhackers entered in search of money. She realized that interference was futile. They searched the house, split open featherbeds and scattered feathers over the entire house. All the while the woman was trying to think of some way to outwit them. Finally, when they found the new hats that the boys had recently received, and started to take them over the protests of the children, her cunning found expression. "Oh, let 'em take the hats and get the smallpox." At the word "smallpox", the dreaded ravaging disease of those times, the men dropped the hats and fled from the supposedly infested house.

Aunt Lilah had an infectious sense of humor and was able to relate the most unfortunate incidents in a light vein. She was a great mimic and her capacity to enjoy life was unmatched. Whether she had a melodious singing voice we do not remember; we do know that her songs were pleasing to the children of the homes she visited and must have been no less enjoyable to the ears of older folk. Her repertoire of songs and ballads seemed endless and we never tired of hearing her sing. After one of those delightful ditties, many of them original, Aunt Lilah's ample bosom would shake with her jolly chuckles as she recalled so vividly the scenes from former days.

"Aunt" Lilah has long since gone to join the Heavenly Choir where all voices blend in perfect harmony around the Great Throne, but the memory of her jovial nature and pleasant and loving personality live on in the hearts of all who remember her.

PRAIRIE GROVE BATTLE TO BE RE-ENACTED

Prairie Grove Battlefield State Park would like to take this opportunity to invite the members of the Historical Society to this year's planned battle re-enactment weekend, scheduled October 5 and 6. The first Battle of Prairie Grove, as many of you already know, was fought December 7, 1862. The re-enactment has been shifted to October this year to coincide with the annual Congress of the Civil War Round Table Associates, October 4, 5, and 6 at Fayetteville, Arkansas. The full schedule of events for the re-enactment is not ready for publication, but we hope over 100 participants will attend. Watch your local news sources in late September and early October for more details. It will be an exciting opportunity to see history brought alive.

A SEARCH ENDED

By
Lloyd McConnell

Last year a Mr. Garrett from Punta Gorda, Florida was in the Historical office seeking the location of some graves of his ancestors. We were unable to find the names in our files and concluded they were perhaps over the line in Madison County.

The only information Mr. Garrett had was some pictures of the tombstones, and that they were in a pasture on a hillside east of Fayetteville, and perhaps in Madison County.

An inquiry was placed in the *Backtracker* at Rogers, a genealogical publication, and now comes word from one of our subscribers, Ruby Wiedeman, living in Oregon, that the graves were in Old Mayfield cemetery east of Goshen. They were listed by Ruby Vaughan of Hindsville some years ago.

Thanks to these two people we found the markers, and a further search of the deed records disclosed that Mr. Garrett's ancestors owned some two hundred acres just across a forty acre tract from the old cemetery, so that would be the logical burying ground.

Maps were made and land numbers furnished from the deeds, so perhaps should Mr. Garrett return to Arkansas, he can walk or drive directly to the old homestead and visit with the people who now own the lands.

ATTENTION: EVERGREEN CEMETERY ASSOCIATION MEMBERS

The members of the board of the Evergreen Cemetery Association of Fayetteville, Arkansas are in the process of up-dating the cemetery records. Many of the lots are now owned by third and fourth generation heirs.

If you are the owner of a lot in Evergreen Cemetery, you can help us by sending us a copy of your deed (if you have one) and/or by providing the following information:

Name of the original owner
Location of the lot
Name of present owner
Names and dates of persons buried there

Please respond to:

Mrs. Lonnie Hall
503 North Willow Ave.
Fayetteville, Ark. 72701

(Quesenbury's Diary, *con't. from page 17)*

gave us a good sleeping place as security was concerned, but a most dismal one as far as comfort was the question. There were millions of ravenous mosquitoes stinging round us. The grass was not as good as it was last night. Not a drop of water, although plenty of timber.

June 22 (Saturday)

No water this morning and of course no coffee. Ate venison and bacon. Rode about ten miles before we came to water which was when we came up the Cache de la Poudre.

Worked hard making a raft. Got it completed and our things on it. Riley and myself rode into the river and Buckner drove the horses in after us. Pony wouldn't swim. He, after several lunges, threw me off and I swam to the bank. I never was in as cold water before. The horses got over and Buckner brought the raft across. It was near swamping when it struck land. Got our things off, untied our ropes from the raft and let the logs go.

Spread out our things to dry — cleaned up our guns as they had got wet. Cooked and ate. About 3 p.m., as we were saddling up, two men appeared on the trail behind. They proved to be Merrell and Tom Smith, who hearing our guns thought the Indians had attacked us and had put off to our rescue.

As I had been expecting for a day or so past, Riley Buchanan got faint hearted and decided to stay with the pack company behind. Divided our provisions and left him. Buchner and myself went alone. Followed the river a mile or so when the trail turned to the right, up a valley with red bluffs on the right and high sloping hills on the left. At ever fifty yards we went up a rise and immediately into a hollow. This continued for about ten miles when we camped on the right in a gorge made by a small branch passing through the red bluffs. Grass not very good. Water in a hole just below us.

June 23 (Sunday)

Started tolerably early. The road for eight miles or thereabouts very much like that of yesterday. Bad for wagons.

At twelve came to the company camp. Nooned just above.

In the evening passed through the saddest, most broken country I ever beheld. Rocks of all sizes piled in all shapes. Many places resemble the ruins of Stonehenge that are seen represented in pictures.

Saw traces of a wagon way at two or three different points this evening. Rocks rolled out of the way, blazes, etc.

Turned from the road to the left and camped on a branch running east between pine hills; the N. side of the S. hill thickly timbered with pines. This evening has been drizzly, cold and disagreeable.

June 24 (Monday)

At an hour and a half of sun we struck out. The road kept to the right of a range of hills but turned over them in the course of four or five miles. A large valley opened before us. The ranges of hills that the road crossed runs into it rather dividing it. Came to the ox company's camp. A wagon and our oven remained. The road was somewhat better after we left this camp for twelve or fifteen miles, as it passed over a level plain of sandy soil. Much of the road today however has been up branches with muddy crossings that gave us considerable trouble as the mules disliked to enter them. Passed a small creek which was rising. Saw some ponds with encrustation resembling snow or ice. Came to a lake about a mile long and a quarter broad. Not a tree or shrub around it. There was no outlet to its waters. A single bluff of old red sandstone rose on the south bank from the water about 20 ft. high and forty yards long. At the west end of the lake there is a range of old sandstone about as high as the bluff spoken of. The road runs between this and the water. Vast quantities of ducks were swimming on the water.

Turned off the road to graze to the right. Saw an antelope feeding. Went towards it to shoot it, but having got its curiosity excited, it came to me. As it ran I shot it with the shot barrel. Broke its hind leg. Buckner's dog soon caught it. Went over and shot it in the head with my pistol. Took a ham. Commenced raining and continued all night. Came to a stream. Buckner tried the ford, but it was too deep for safety. Turned up the river and camped on an island. The horses near us — the rest over on the flat.

Wet and cold, stream high, impracticable to raft, we must remain here till the stream falls.

June 25 (Tuesday)

The river this morning had got into our pallets. It rose two or three inches last night. Determined to stay till the river falls sufficient to permit us to ford. The whole day has been unpleasant. Cold, drizzly rains have succeeded one another every hour. Baked bread.

A couple of antelopes have been feeding and straying around our camp all day. Buckner went out in the evening and shot at one whilst they were fighting. I have thought more about home since last night than I have during the same period of time since I left. I dreamed of home last night. Saw friends, but this morning sorrow returned and "The voice in my dreaming ear melted away".

In the evening late, Buckner went down to the ford and left a note for the Packman. The river has fallen about an inch today. There have been very heavy rains in the N. and I think some showers toward the S. On this island strawberries are in bloom. Willow, currents and about a dozen different plants grow on it.

June 26 (Wednesday)

The river rose a half inch last night. This is disheartening. We try and

make a raft today. Something has delayed the company behind a long time. They ought to have been here yesterday.

At about one o'clock the river, having fallen only about a half inch, we concluded we would wait no longer. Went down again to the ford. Buckner found that by crossing a little lower down it would not wet our packs. Left a little bag of cold flour where the road goes into the stream for the benefit of whoever gets it first. At two trips on Arab our things were safely crossed. Struck out on the trail which goes near an Indian's grave, not more than a half mile from the river. Got on very rolling ground. Found two wagons the ox company has left. The road continued on very bad ground for wagons. Went through pines for several miles. These trees were not large but as thick as they could stand. Buckner snapped at a deer in the pines. Saw two grey squirrels among them.

The road through the pines is a horrid one. Steep slopes and miry mudholes and rills at the foot of each of them. Edmondson's company had to cut a road through the timber. Came to the steepest place I ever saw a road go down. I cannot imagine how the wagons succeeded in doing so; it was about a quarter of a mile down.

Entered a valley full of Indian trails, one of which had very lately been travelled. Camped to the right of the trail. Saw two bears just at dusk and before we camped. Wet camping place. It has rained on us all the evening. Afraid to build a fire, did without.

June 27 (Thursday)

Heavy frost last night. Corners of the blankets froze this morning. Cooked and left. But before we started we heard two guns. Supposed Indians about or the ox train just ahead. Our road ran south then W., then N.W. till it struck a stream about the size of Cache la Poudre, but not near so swift or cold. Edmondson's company had made a raft, but it was gone. They left some pieces of timber, aspen logs, which we cut in two and tied together for a raft. Put our things on. Buckner went to the mountain for a pole. He then swam Arab and I drove the other animals in after him. All got across safe. Started myself on the raft. Beat down a long way but got over.

Went up and led the horses down. Arab fell broadside with me in the slough that makes from the river on the north. Cooked. Saddled up and came ahead. Smoke at the river. The other company is not over a half day ahead.

Saw some large birds which proved to be pheasants. Shot my shot barrel and wounded one and killed another dead. I then shot my rifle barrel and killed another. Night came on and we were compelled to turn in. Found a good camping place to the left. Built no fire. Slept in a very secure place among thick aspens.

June 28 (Friday)

Late start this morning on account of cooking our sage hens or

pheasants. They were fine eating.

In six or seven miles we came to the ox train camp. The smoke was still flying from their fire. Pushed on. On the way Buckner took time to shoot an antelope and a large rabbit. Came to considerable stream as large as, or larger than, the main fork of Laramie River. Forded, but got my coffee wet. Nooned and dried my things. Cooked. Struck out and in an hour saw the train ahead. Came to an old squaw and child with a pack horse or so. She came on with us to the train which we overtook at a creek. Saw our friends, they told us that Mitchell, Crum and some others had struck out without a guide for California.

We immediately resolved to follow their track and overtake them. They had left that morning. Saw the pilot, Ben Simon, who took us to a rise and showed us the direction he had told Mitchell to go. Found the trail of the horses and pushed on as fast as we could, but bothered once or twice in finding the right tracks, but continued ahead without much delay. Buckner's mule stampeded and kicked the pack off. Fixed and packed on. Just as it was getting so dark that it was unsafe to hunt tracks any longer we thought we discovered smoke ahead. But we had no idea of venturing towards it except on the trail, so we turned to the right and camped without fire in a very secure place for ourselves and in a good place of grass for our horses.

June 29 (Saturday)

By the first peep of day we were up and cooking. Got off at sunrise. Pushed on. What we thought was smoke last night was smoke. Saw it distinctly from the tip of a hill and we shouted and were answered. Came up and found Mr. Mitchell and our friends. They were saddling up. Rolled on. Saw numbers of buffaloes. Two of our men wandered off after them. Waited three hours for them and just as we were under headway they came in sight. This morning about half past ten o'clock we got fairly over the great divide between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The water came from snow banks and springs. I knelt down and drank where the stream we were crossing was not more than a foot wide, cold and clear.

Got disagreeably cold in the evening, which was cloudy. A cold drizzling rain beat in our faces which compelled us to stop. An antelope with more than ordinary curiosity came around us, fighting the dogs. I shot it and killed it to prevent more delay. Our route has been through a sea of wild rye. Toward night we began to doubt finding water but found very good, and plenty of grass. No stakes for our horses.

.... Burnt wild sage for fuel.

The wind blowed cold. The night chilly, requiring all the cover I could get.

June 30 and last (Sunday)

Got off early. The wild sage continued as thick and as troublesome as

ever. Nothing but a barren, destitute country around. Nooned on a sluggish branch, where my pony mired in a few minutes causing considerable trouble to my friends who helped me out with him. He was dragged out with ropes. Continued on after we crossed the branch, which we did with difficulty. In the same destitute barren country. Every sign betokened scarcity of water, but we came to a miry, muddy stream running towards the south. We, after hunting up a mile, found two places which afforded bad crossing places, but we got our animals over safely.

Struck out for the highlands. Bad prospect for grass and water, but we found the latter in sufficient quantities for the animals in a flat. Had to do without water but we cooked and ate nevertheless.

July 1 (Monday)

At daylight we got up and by sunrise or a little after we were underway. In four miles we came to little ponds in a small branch at which we stopped and cooked.

Seven of our party broke off yesterday evening, they were not pleased with our method of travelling nor the direction.

The country became more destitute today than yesterday. We rose very high ground after leaving the water.

Pushed on without any prospect of getting water, but in ardent hopes of it. The country was cut up with gullies; the soil loose, nothing but dirty sand and hard mud, all cracked in millions of different ways. Clay bluffs sometimes heightened the miserable looking country. They were worked in various shapes. Sometimes a tower, sometimes pillow; steps, domes, etc.

At an hour by sun we turned our course S.W. and hunted down a dry stream — in vain. Grazed a few minutes and struck directly toward west. After sunset took the evening star for our guide and after it went down took two other stars. Passed through some very high sage bushes at times; up hill and down hill; till at length we were stopped by a sudden jump off. One man went down but the place was decided to be impracticable for our animals. Turned back to the first sage bushes and laid down, tieing our animals around us, without grass or water.

July 2 (Tuesday)

This morning, early, Mr. Mitchell came into camp, if camp we may call it, from a high point to the north, as we were getting up and reported a bad prospect ahead. We saddled up and followed the ridge some five miles, going down to the S.W. point, the only place we could get down in that distance. Found water like that of yesterday morning, but running. Cooked and let our animals pick the scattering grass. Then after a stay of some two hours and a half we started, keeping up a branch that runs into the one we stopped on. Had some difficulty in crossing it. After getting over, we struck our old course west over as desolate a country as ever — dreary, dry and apparently boundless. Stopped for the night after going

six or eight miles without water as last night.

Our course this morning was directed to a level hill in the distance west that had white spots on it that were evidently snow. Our finding water prevented our going further toward it.

I am now writing in a country, dreary and desolate and from appearance, waterless for a great distance, but whilst I write a number of mosquitoes are singing around. They must have been blown by a western breeze to this place.

July 3 (Wednesday)

We got up and saddled our animals as soon as it was light enough to do so. Struck out on our old course. The country became no better as far as water was concerned. Passed some remarkable scenery of rock but we were in no condition to enjoy such things. At one o'clock we came to a miry little stream of alkali water. Watered my animals with Crum's bucket. Ate a snack with Mr. Mitchell. There was no grass on the branch, so we left after we got our animals across which we had difficulty in doing. After travelling three or four miles our course was stopped by a bluff. Turned north and found a going down place. Stopped at the bottom and grazed our horses for a little while but came on and found good grass a little further over.

Took off on a pack. There is water below this place about a hundred yards but Mr. Mitchell, who tasted it thinks it a mixture of everything vile — alum, copperas, arsenic, etc. He says it is too mean to drink, to taste, or even to look at. .....ord and three others, Crum included have gone to some snowbanks on a mountain, S.W. They have taken jugs and expect to reach it in a mile and a half.

While waiting for the snow men, Mr. Mitchell lost his pistol which we found after a short hunt in the grass. Presently the snow men came back. The bank was ..... miles off. They brought two jugs of water and a pan or so of snow. They reported a camping place above, to which we went, finding there good wood and tolerable water and grass.

July 4 (Thursday)

The Glorious Fourth! Dry times with us. Left early, going over rolling ground as usual. Went down a high, steep slope. After going a bout a mile and a half, Mr. Mitchell discovered that the mare had shaken off his pistol again.

I turned back with him and found the pistol about two thirds up the steep slope we had passed. Found our men at a spring in the high prairie on the side of a slope. The spring water was exceedingly cold, clear and pure. Rested here a few minutes and then went on. Dreary prospect ahead. Travelled several miles down a hot dry valley which was tolerably in our course. Struck once a ridge and came to another valley running west with water running in it. Followed on several miles and came in sight of a stream running apparently east. It seemed from the highlands where

we were to be small — not more than twenty steps across.

Descended the highlands to the stream and camped. Before we had been here long several began to suppose we were at Green River.

We were delayed a while this evening by Crum's mule stampeding.

July 5 (Friday)

All agreed this morning we were on Green River. Crum went back and found his coat which he lost yesterday.

Waited a while for Strickler who tried to wade. Found it impracticable. Packed and started up the river. Went about two miles before I overtook the most of the company.

Thought I saw a canoe with willows on the other side. Some of the men were of the same opinion. Mr. Mitchell came up and we determined to go back and examine with spyglass. One look satisfied us that it was a canoe. Strickler and myself made a paddle and started over by swimming. We got us chunks to swim on in case we should be beaten below by the current which drawed to the north bank. I got over safe, but Strickler turned back. Found the canoe, a small one. Paddled it over and the others got a couple of logs to put to the sides. We made seven trips before we got everything over. Our horses were disinclined to enter the water, but after a couple of hours hard work we made them all swim. Camped just below our landing place in the cottonwoods. Good grass. Left some of our things above.

July 6 (Saturday)

Got a late start. Went up the river, but had to leave it as it was impossible to follow on account of bluffs. Turned out and struck our old course veering a little north. At twelve came to a stream as large as N. Platte which from the map must be Black Ford. Nooned. I cooked bread. Whilst engaged at it there blew up a very hard gale of wind.

Passed a pond near the river in which there were a good many ducks. They were as wild as if they had been hunted a great deal.

In the evening about four o'clock we came to a trail evidently made by Californians. Followed it to the river. Looked ahead and saw clouds of dust rising from the main road about six or seven miles off. Camped about a mile and half below the road. We could see the wagons from our camp. We are at the Independence road at last.

July 7 (Sunday)

Saw bunches of wagons all along ahead of us. Passed among the emigrants till noon when we turned to the river and grazed.

These Emigrants seem to mind their own business. They never take the trouble to raise their heads or speak as we pass them.

Continued passing trains till we turned off the road. One of the ..... broke his gun off at the breech by jabbing his horse with it. Camped on Black Fork again, two miles below the ..... Fork. The grass had been trampled and grazed upon everywhere before we came here. There are

trains above. Two or three men came down with hooks and line, fishing — one of whom stole a box of matches as he lit his pipe at the fire.

July 8 (Monday)

Got a late start this morning. My mules were unruly and gave me trouble in passing trains. ..... Buchanan, etc. others left before we did and we have not seen them, but once today, which was as we nooned. We stopped on the left slope of a high ridge we came down above the road. They grazed about three quarters of a mile further on beyond a road.

A report has been passing among the Emigrants that twenty-seven Indians had been killed a day or so ago by a party — There are a hundred different versions telling the tale, all of which are contradictory. Indians have probably been killed, but of the circumstances we cannot judge.

Camped on the side of a hill about a quarter of a mile from water and timber, quaking aspen about the same distance above.

The country is becoming more broken — more like the west slope of the Rocky Mountains.

July 9 (Tuesday)

Another late start, but our horses fared well by it. Came to a considerable stream cut up by islands, the waters of which were very cold. In one place it was a little over belly deep. On the west banks there were innumerable numbers of blocks that the teamsters had used in raising the beds of their wagons to prevent the water from running in them.

Forgot to mention that we passed Bridger's Fort yesterday morning. It is a poor concern and looked more like a picketed horse lot than a human habitation. Nooned on a branch running to our right, probably a tributary of the river we crossed today, the waters of which also run to the right. We saw fine grass near us which we could not get at on account of the danger of miring, but found tolerably good lower down by crossing at a place where the way was made across. In the evening the country became more rolling and soil and grass better. Later we entered a valley, looking out all along for a camping place. Found one close by the road and just on the bank of a branch. Wood scarce, but we made out with dry willow.

July 10 (Wednesday)

Earlier start this morning than usual. Before we left camp a man came to us inquiring for lost horses. They were probably stolen.

Passed several trains and was told by men belonging to them that an Indian fight had taken place yesterday morning — that the Indians had attacked a Mississippi Pack Company and that four whites and two Indians were killed, etc. I place no confidence in the reports. Still we wound our way down the valley we entered yesterday.

During the evening we came to Weber River where we found a sign board on a mound informing the Emigrants that a toll would be imposed on all those who took the left hand road to the Salt Lake.

The road had been opened by the Mormons and the toll was made by legislative authority. Nooned on Weber River. Grass bad. We have a shade to sit under today. White hawthorn grows here. Started and got a mile when Mr. Mitchell found out he had left his gun where we nooned. He walked back and got it. Our route lay south, up Weber River, for eight or nine miles when we camped in good grass just above some Pennsylvanians. Several other trains were camped below.

A mile or so back the grass was burning and after we struck the river we saw several places that have been burned. This probably will cause suffering to the Emigrants behind.

July 11 (Thursday)

This morning before the sun had been up more than twenty minutes we were off. Passed trains as usual. The road still continues up Weber River south and occasionally S.E. After going about six miles we entered a valley running west. Kept up this valley, crossed over a ridge and came to a broad valley where several wagons were nooning. Thinking that a great many more would stop at the same place we kept on to another valley two miles and a half further on, which we turned up and found in it good grass and uncommonly clear, cold water. Nooned near some willows, which by a little cutting gave us another good shade.

Mitchell and Crum cleaned up for a decent entry into the Mormon City. I will be more modest and pass through so quietly that I will be unnoticed. There is a range of snow mountains to our left. Our water comes from them. Left my inkstand where we nooned and had to go back for it. Road rough through the mountains this evening. Grass scarce. A great many dead animals along the way. Some in the water. An Englishman from Chicago, Illinois camped with us. He had a poor old dun mare with sore withers which he walked behind and drove.

July 12 (Friday)

Road at first as bad as ever, but as we got nearer the .... ground we found that it had been worked on more than behind.

Many dead animals were lying by the way so offensive that we decided to pass them. Paid ten cents for each animal and went ahead into the city. Was disappointed in it. The Mormons farm on the Mexican plan. Lost my pistol ....ing my pony off a wheat field the road runs through.

Stopped at a mill to get flour. There was none to be had. Crum and Strickler went to another mill five miles off. Mr. Mitchell and myself went into town to get the horses shod. Left my gun at a gunsmith's. Went round town and came back to the shop. Got four shoes put on, which cost me $4. At night Old Chan, the miller, permitted Mr. Mitchell and myself to get into an old carry-all and night. We got a candle from him. Set up till midnight and went to bed. Our horses were hitched to some wagons in the mill yard.

NOTE: Brown's train did not reach Salt Lake City until 12 o'clock on July

31, but did not tarry.

July 13 (Saturday)

Crum and Strickler got back early. All except myself went up in town for various purposes. Mr. Mitchell took our flour up to the gunsmith's for the women to bake into crackers. But they required butter for the baking and none was to be had nearer than eight miles and that at 25 cents a pound. In the evening he went and brought the flour back, declining the butter himself — he also brought my gun. Crum got me a tin canteen at $1.50. This evening the Sheriff came and attached Strickler's horses that were grazing two hundred and fifty yards down the creek from the mill. Strickler and myself had got special permission from Old Chan to graze our horses there.

The Sheriff, seeing that Strickler was innocent, though he hoped to have fined him, could not but hold the "good old father Chan" to account and so summoned him to attend at Squire Harris' office. About sunset Chan came back and said he had been fined twenty-nine dollars. We cooked our own meal in the millyard this evening — having eaten three with "Good Old Father Chan".

July 14 (Sunday)

"Good Old Father Chan" intimated that he wanted us away so we settled our bill with him and after considerable packing left. Went up in town to a store for some articles. Got a hatchet at another store, also some saleratus soda, or something gathered from the plains.

Then to the P.O. We were told the P.M. was one of the preachers that day and that we could not get our letters mailed till twelve o'clock.

In the meantime we went in the church. One chap, the post master, I think, was preaching, which amounted to nothing but sickening praise of the Mormons and a recapitulation of their sufferings. He stated that he had lost two brothers who were martyrs to holy Mormonism, and that since that time he had learned to swear a little.

He was followed by a very violent, bald-headed man who explained the meaning of the brother's words, "since that time he had learned to swear a little". He said the brother had probably never taken God's name in vain in his life, but that "he had sworn by Elijah's God that he would have revenge for the death of his brothers."

The tall, bald gentleman was followed by Brigham Young, the Prophet and Chief Cook, etc., who was more violent still. He touched a variety of subjects — the Constitution of the U.S., which he praised and said the authors of it were inspired to make it — that Joe Smith was killed because he said "reprove wickedness in high places". He then spoke about flour, wheat, etc., giving orders that no more flour was to be sold under 25 cents a pound. He stated that he owned the mill where our horses were staked and that he had to pay the $29. So the prophet, or "good old father Chan" told a lie.

The meeting broke and we mailed our letters. Then we started, passing salt springs, hot springs, took the right hand and found grass after a little hunting. Wood is scrub oak.

Left the guide book this evening near a salt marsh where we grazed, went back for it — Right at the spot where I left it I met two Arkansas men, Alexander Sweeney and Wilson.

July 15 (Monday)

Tolerable early start — passing wagons all day. Nooned in a steep willow hollow of good grass — all three of us went to sleep. Came on and camped on Weber River above the ford, a mile — fine grass.

NOTE: A contemporary writer estimated that 30,964 men, 439 women, 508 children and 7,113 wagons have passed on the California Trail. The estimate was made a month before Quesenbury reached this point.

July 16 (Tuesday)

Late start. Cross Weber River, but little larger than where we crossed above, coming in. Passed Brownsville, a miserable attempt at civilization, also some branches and one clean, beautiful stream.

Camped on what we thought was Box Elder. Was troubled some in finding a camping place but found one to the left of the road. Bad wood.

July 17 (Wednesday)

Tolerably early getting off. In two or three miles after we left camp, crossed a stream which must have been Box Elder. Nooned on a sluggish marsh pond which we crossed to the left. At about 4 p.m. we got to Bear River. Found a couple of skiffs planked over and a rope drawn across the river which connected the ferry of the Mormons. Waited till an Iowa company crossed. Swam our horses and ferried our packs at $1 a pack.

Camped below on the river. Houses on the flat below. Sage wood scarce.

July 18 (Thursday)

Off about same time as yesterday. Begin to find today that the Mormon guide book told lies about distances and descriptions of places. The day has been almost insupportably warm — perhaps warmer than yesterday.

(to be continued next issue)

QUERIES

Mrs. R. L. Phillips, Jr., 214 Calle Cenizo, Brownsville, TX 78520, is looking for information about her great-grandmother, Cynthia (Cintie) Buckhannon who married George McCown (son of Roger McCown) at Clear Creek, Sevier Co., April 16, 1843. Ola Bun was "named by consent of her parents." It is believed her father was David Buchannon who was from Washington Co. David Buchannon is on the census for Sevier County 1830 and 1840. In 1850 neither David or a widow are listed, but in Jefferson Twp. are Benjamin (who married Mahala Wiat) James, David, and Jane (who married John Devers). These might be the children listed in the 1830 and 1840 census.

Mrs. Richard W. Ellis, 4704 Valleycrest Dr., Arlington TX 76013 is seeking information on the Mills family who came to White River in 1838. Specifically: Seth Mills (b. 1782, North Carolina) and wife, Charity Thornburg (b. 1789 - North Carolina), son Aaron L. (b. 1820 - Tennessee) and wife Millie Lewis (b. 1820, Tennessee), grandson Enos (b. 1836, Indiana)) and wife Margaret Roberson (b. 1838, Tennessee), great-granddaughter Lerona Luvina Mills. Mrs. Ellis is also looking for the James Campbell family. James (b. 1815, Tennessee) and wife Elizabeth Williamson (b. 1815, Georgia) and son Thomas Jefferson (b. 1854, Searcy Co., Ark.). James was a Baptist preacher, possibly the third preacher to serve the Prairie Grove Church in Washington Co. Thomas Jefferson Campbell and Lerona Luvina Mills were married by W. G. Slinker in 1873 in Washington County.

E. W. O'Brien, Cherokee Hills, 2790 Onagon Trail, Pontiac, Mich. 48054, is trying to locate information on his Indian ancestor, Isbel Drucilla Marrs in order to determine the date of her birth, death, and to verify that she was a member of the Cherokee Nation. She was the daughter of James Marrs (b. ca 1785 in Kentucky) and Isabel Edmonson (b.ca 1796 in North Carolina). Isabel Edmonson was the third wife of James Marrs. Other children of this marriage were Wesley, Mary Ann, Julia, Lafayette and Matilda. Mr. O'Brien would also like to know the date of Isbel Marrs marriage to James Marrs.

Bernice Matthews, 3538 E. 56th Street, Maywood, CA 90270, would like to contact descendants of the Rev. Evan Jones, notable Cherokee missionary (b. 14 May, 1788, in Wales, d. 18 August, 1872, in Tahlequah, Okla.). His daughter, Hannah Waldron Jones Pierson was born 20 May,

1820, in Valley Towns, North Carolina and died 24 Sept, 1876, at Witcherville, Arkansas. Ms. Matthews is also interested in Hannah Pierson's husband and his relatives. He was born 27 May, 1808, and died 22 October, 1893, in Witcherville, Ark. She is also interested in information on Joseph French, who was born 19 December, 1860 and died 12 January, 1937. He is buried in the cemetery at Red Oak, Okla. If there are other descendants of the Cutler family, buried in the Red Oak Cemetery, she would like to hear from them.

Mr Preston Lewis, who was inquiring about George H. Robbins and Nancy Ellen Lewis,has brought our attention to an error in his address. It is 1919 67th St., Lubbock, Tex. 79412.

Mrs. John Edwards, 5010 Terrace Hts. Dr., Yakima, Washington 98901, is looking for information on the Hood and Abney families: specifically Benjamin J. Hood and Dr. J. H. Abney of Robinson, Ball Twp., Benton Co., Ark. and Siloam Springs, Ark. They perhaps lived near the Osage Creek. The Hoods removed to Arkansas ca 1865 from Georgia. Who was Benjamin's wife? Her initials were S.C. She died prior to 1880. Benjamin's second wife was Mattie Carrol. J.H. Abney was married to Elizabeth (?). Prior to 1870 the family lived in Illinois. The Hood children were Jerusha Emma, who married Benjamin Abney; Dora who married John Green; and Hatta, who married Frank Carney.

Was this "GENERAL MERCHANDISE" store in Mayfield (Goshen Twp.), Washington Co.? From the "History of Mayfield" by Bobby Fultz, from *Flashback,* February, 1953, he states, "in 1897, a store, a mill and a blacksmith shop were built. The store was run by Bud Adney, who also built and operated the mill. He was the first postmaster of Mayfield. Tom Osburn operated the blacksmith shop." Bud and Jerusha Emma Hood Abney removed to Washington Co. from Robinson (Ball twp.), Benton County. Bud purchased property there in 1900 and 1901 plus the store and mill property. Would anyone have information of Benjamin R. (Bud) Abney's parents, Dr. J.H. and Elizabeth (?) Abney or Benjamin and S.C. Hood?

Marriages in 1886

by LLOYD MC CONNELL

R.M. Morton, 21, and Miss Kate Smith, also 21, of Farmington were married on Dec. 19, 1886, by Rev. Preston B. Hopkins. Mr. Morton was at one time a sheriff of Washington County.

William Mosby and Miss Rebecca Fry, Fayetteville people, ages 25 and 24, were married by Minister of the Gospel, W.E. DeClaybrook, on January 13, 1886.

H.H. Collier, a Justice of the Peace at Prairie Grove, performed the ceremony uniting R.G. Mowder, 30 and Miss S.J. Russell, also 30, of Prairie Grove.

H.B. Munney, 23, and Miss Australia Gorham, 18 both of Farmington, went to the Rev. T.H. Day for their Oct. 20, 1886 marriage.

Samuel Mussellman, 24, and Miss Lucretia Vaughn, age 16, of Maguires Store area were joined in Wedlock by Minister, A.S. Woods on Sept. 2nd, 1886.

W.H. Neese, 22, and Miss Mollie Dixon, 18, of Prairie Grove, were married on August 26, 1886 by Rev. T.H. Day.

A.C. Watson, a Justice of the Peace, performed the Jan. 10, 1886 wedding for T.J. Neill, 25, of Goshen, and his bride, Miss Faner Clark, 18.

R.I. Niclar, 25, of Gainsville, Texas, came for Miss Emma Anderson, 22, of Fayetteville, and the wedding was performed on Dec. 15, 1886, by Thomas Banks.

William O'Brian and Miss M.E. Todd, ages 22 and 17, were married on Christmas Day, 1886, with D.W. Moore performing the ceremonial duties.

Maguire's Store couple, A.R. Ogden, 17, and Miss M.E. Smith, age 16, were married by their local Justice of the Peace, David Divelbliss, on Nov. 4, 1886. A young couple.

Thomas Overton, 21, and Miss Elizabeth Overton, 26, both of Summers, were principals in a March 4, 1886 wedding by W.A. Douthit, J.P.

J.J. Oxford, 42, and Mrs. L.R. Newman, 22, both of Goshen, were married by Minister O.D. Slaughter, on Nov. 18, 1886.

L.E. Page, 40 of Winslow, met Miss Edna Cunningham, of Brightwater, Benton County, on April 22, 1886, and Justice of the Peace performed a ceremony uniting them in marriage. She was 22.

Brentwood couple Thomas D. Parker, 20, and Miss C.J. Brown, age 17, were married on Dec. 26, 1886, by Rev. L.R. Lee.

Mac Pasley and Miss Bell McCord, ages 21 and 19, went to John Q. Collier, a Justice of the Peace, on Dec. 29, 1886. He declared that under the authority vested in him by the laws of the State of Arkansas they were now husband and wife.

A.J. Pendergrass, 25 of Evereton, Missouri, and Miss Opha M. James, 19, of Natural Dam, Arkansas, came to Justice of the Peace J.C. Massie on Dec. 4, 1886. He performed the marriage and signed the certificate thereof.

B.C. Petross, 30, and Miss Mattie Pruner, age 16, of Springdale, were wed by Benj. C. Mathews, a Minister of the Gospel on May 2, 1886.

The wedding of Farmington couple, J.A. Pettigrew,22, and Miss Fannie Mehang, 20 was by J.A. Walden, a Minister, on March 4, 1886.

W.M. Phelan, 32, and Miss Sarah E. Malone, 19, of West Fork, were before J.T. Boyd, a minister, for a marriage ceremony Feb. 25, 1886.

J.C. Massie, Justice of the Peace, performed the ritual uniting F.M. Pierce, age 56, and Mrs. Nancy Lathan, age 42, of Fayetteville, on Nov. 16, 1886.

Frank Pollock, 23, and Miss Josie Pearson, 17 of Elm Springs, were united by the Rev. A.G. Smith, on April 24, 1886.

Joseph M. Poor, and Miss Della M. Rice, ages 21 and 17, a Fayetteville couple, were married by Justice of the Peace, W.J. Hogg, on May 26, 1886.

D.W. Moore, minister, performed the ceremony for J.E. Porter, 19, of Prairie Grove and Miss M.E. Hester, 18, of Fayetteville on July 8, 1886.

James H. Province of Winslow, at 68, was married to Mrs. Viney Ratliff, 33, of Winslow, on April 18, 1886, by Elder C. Fairchilds.

J.A. Puach, 48, and Miss Mary F. Norwood, 37, of Farmington, went to J.A. Walden, a Minister of the Methodist Church South, for a Jan. 20, 1886 wedding.

J.W.F. Byeatt, Boonsborough, 31, and Miss S.L. Douthit, 17, of Lincoln, were married on August 14, 1886, by the Rev. J.P. Crozier.

Minister William Ingram performed the ceremonial duties of marriage for 46 year old H.W. Radiker and Mrs. Sarah Morrow, 26 year old Fayetteville lady, on Feb. 25, 1886.

C'mon, say yes. I promise to love, honor and cherish ... and to always keep our membership in the Washington County Historical Society current.